

A Double Page of Pretty Show Girls

THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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HERE'S A FOOTBALL GIRL.

HER NAME IS GERTRUDE HOFFMAN, SHE IS A GRIDIRON ENTHUSIAST, AND KNOWS THE GAME THOROUGHLY, OF COURSE.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, October 21, 1905.

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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
Martin J. Sheridan, America's All-round
Amateur Champion Athlete.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

There are now nine boxing clubs in Philadelphia and all are giving weekly entertainments. **Beldame** has been retired to the stud at the nursery farm of her owner, August Belmont, at Lexington, Ky.

Wrestler Frank Gotch has decided to stick to the grappling game and has given up the idea of becoming a boxer.

Dick Cooley has purchased the Topeka Western Association baseball franchise. Cooley will play first base and manage the team.

Another track record was broken at the Reading, Pa., Fair, on Oct. 5, when in the third heat of the free for all, Bishop stepped the mile in 2:10%.

Ed Atherton, the middleweight wrestler, recently defeated Ed Adamson, of Chicago, in two straight falls, catch-as-catch-can style at Elmira, N. Y.

Manager Joe Kelley, of the Cincinnati National League baseball team, signed a contract the other day to manage the club again during next season.

Fred Beel, the Wisconsin wrestler, is touring the country with a vaudeville show meeting all comers on the mat, and has defeated some of the best men in the Northwest.

James R. Keene, upon the advice of his trainer, James Rowe, has decided not to retire his great racehorse Sysonby, but will again race him upon the metropolitan tracks in 1906.

G. E. Larned, an amateur, beat the world's professional and amateur walking records for eight miles at Stamford Bridge, London, England, Sept. 30, doing the distance in 58 minutes 18 2-5 seconds. In an hour Larned walked 8 miles 580 yards, also breaking the world's record for the time. At Brighton, England, Aug. 10, Larned walked four miles in 27 minutes 11 seconds, beating the world's record.

William Gale, a veteran pedestrian and a native of Wales before coming to this country, died recently in Cincinnati, Ohio. At the Crystal Palace in London Gale walked a thousand single quarter miles in a thousand consecutive quarter hours; a thousand half miles in a thousand half hours; a thousand three-quarter miles in a thousand three-quarter hours and a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

LOOK OUT FOR THEM & A
GREAT SERIES OF SENSA-
TIONAL STORIES IS SOON
TO APPEAR IN THE POLICE
GAZETTE & BY IKE SWIFT,
UNDER THE TITLE & &

GAY
NEW YORK
BY NIGHT

YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS
THEM FOR THEY'LL BE THE
REAL THING & TOLD BY A
MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.
WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR
THE GREATEST SPORTING
PAPER IN THE WORLD. &

FROM THE MIMIC WORLD OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

-BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM-

Interesting Gossip Picked up Here and There About the Artists Playing the Continuous Houses.

PROFESSIONAL NEWS SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE

Vaudeville Actors and Actresses are Requested to Send Artistic Character Photographs for Reproduction in Halftone.

Ed Zereeth is doing very nicely on the Coast with his new change act.

Hugh Connolly has joined the Dot Carroll Company, to do his dancing specialty.

Lorraine and Gandy are with the Mascots Company, with a season of thirty-two weeks ahead. Both are playing parts.

Oliver C. Ziegfeld has under his exclusive management Mysterious Reuschling, a young exponent in sleight of hand and illusion work. Mr. Reusch-

The Two Macks report making a big hit with their conversation singing and dancing act.

Christopher, the magician, recently finished thirty weeks in the Western vaudeville theatres.

Manager Max Rosenberg reports that Wheelock's U. S. Indian Band met with much success over the Proctor circuit.

Rome, Mayo and Juliet, the harmony singers, in a minstrel burlesque, will come East this month. They report success on the Pacific Coast, pre-



Photo by Newman: New York.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN WRESTLING TROUPE.

This Sextette of Well-formed Female Grapplers issue a Sweeping Challenge to any Ambitious Athletes of Their Sex in This Country to Meet Them on the Mat, in a Series of Contests.

ing will present in vaudeville this season a travesty on "Faust," with elaborate stage settings and electrical effects.

Charley Gano reports meeting with great success as principal comedian with III Henry's Minstrels.

Byrne and West have joined hands with Thomas Kenyon, and the act will be known as Byrne, West and Kenyon.

Jerome Mora, illusionist, has signed with Fred Schwartz's "Not Like Other Girls," as a feature vaudeville act with that company.

Bessie Shaw, formerly Mrs. A. L. Burleigh, has joined H. C. Moore's Comedy Company, as soubrette and singing illustrated songs.

The D'Arville Sisters, Jeannette and Irene, are making good wherever they appear and will soon make their appearance in New York.

Frank Milton and the De Long Sisters, played twenty weeks at the Considine houses, at Seattle, Wash. They are real box office winners.

The Yorkville Vaudeville Comedy Company commenced its third season at the Music Hall, Easton, Md., with the following people: William J. Wilson and Fuertinger J. Irving, Johnson and Johnson, M. Blake, Nelson Sisters, H. Gladstone, May Jasper, Maud C. Clifford, May Adams, M. B. Davidson, May Oath, Baby Rose, and Hartfield's one act farce comedy, "The Doctor's Office." Stage manager, B. Bettinger; business manager, M. Maxwell; pianist, E. Murry.

senting a unique act, with one Hebrew comedian, one light comedian and one Swede comedian. They open in one, closing in two, with their own minstrel drop curtain.

Stirk and Lou Dan, novelty athletes, who have met with immense success during the summer, are booked solid through November in vaudeville houses.

The Settles and Baby Charlotte made a success in the New England parks, being the feature act with the colored show. Baby Charlotte was quite a favorite.

The Troupe Holman, of colored singers and dancers, who were with the McCadden Show, are in Paris, at the Folies Marigny, and have Belgium bookings to follow. The Holmans are also booked up in Great Britain for eighteen months ahead.

Tarlton and Tarlton are with the Breckinridge Stock Company, and report meeting with success in their musical specialties. They played their first fair date of the season at Fredonia, recently, and have a number of others in Kansas and Oklahoma.

Fred Bailey, the comedian of Bailey and Madison, and Ralph Austin, the comedian of the Tossing Austins, have joined hands, and are doing a new up-to-date act, calling themselves the Two American

WHEN YOU PLAY POKER
You want to play to win, of course. You can dope the game out if you know how. Poker: How to Win, will show you. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

Beauties, Bailey just returned from a successful engagement in Europe. Austin has just finished a two year tour of the world; the team will be known as Bailey and Austin.

Mario and Aldo finish their forty weeks' engagement in Mexico with the Orrin Brothers, Dec. 1, after which they sail for Germany, opening at the Apollo Theatre, Dusseldorf.

Stanley Warde Hart, formerly "Hart, the Laugh King," has the advertising privilege at Hopkins' Theatre, Fontaine Ferry Park, and Hopkins New Theatre, Louisville, Ky.

Turner W. Gregg and wife (Josie Wise) have closed an eleven months' engagement with Frank H. Rice's latest sensation, and are taking a short rest at their home in Louisville, Ky.

Crip Rogers and **Billy Gordon** have joined the Gus Sun Minstrels, to play principal ends and do their specialty, "The Hero of San Juan," in the olio. The team will be known as Rogers and Gordon.

The Williams Duo, musical team, have contracted for elaborate spectacular and electrical effects for their new act, which will surpass anything ever seen on the vaudeville stage in their line of work.

Prof. De Blaker and dogs closed a very successful season of seventeen weeks at Midget City, Dreamland, Coney Island, N. Y. It was his second season there, and he has been engaged for the season of 1906 at the same place.

L. DeDerien, the French aerialist and contortionist, reports having met with favor everywhere the past season. He finished his park engagements at Wonderland, Minneapolis, and is now winning approval on the Nash circuit.

Gordon and Crane, the long and short act, now in vaudeville, are making good with their new and up-to-date act, as "Mme. Long and Lord Howshort." Carl Gordon makes up as a swell lady, Mme. Long. Mr. Crane's English character work and tenor vocalism as Lord Howshort, is very pleasing.

Cramer and Casper say that their act, "The Arrival of the Messenger Boy," has been a big success wherever it has been played.

Bert H. Davies, trap drummer, who closed with Sig. Sautelle & Welsh Brothers' Circus, is now playing at the Ceramic Theatre, East Liverpool, Ohio.

Charles Stutzman, singing and talking comedian, is with Gus Hill's "McFadden's Flats" Company this season. He reports a successful season in the parks last Summer.

Onslow and Garnett are playing the Considine, Sullivan circuit of houses in the Northwest, and report meeting with success. Their burlesque act, entitled "Twisted," is a laughing hit.

The Thaler Sisters, whose refined singing act, costumed in correct Tyrolean dresses, in which they do yodeling duets, also the latest American songs, have been appearing in and about New York for nearly one year, since their debut at Tony Pastor's.

The Tossing Austins, after their successful tour around the world, have returned to America, and report meeting with success in their act, "The Funny Tramp and the Maid." They opened their American dates at the Roof Garden, Lancaster, Pa. After playing this season in the United States, they will return to England for a long tour.

Jud Williams is on the Empire circuit with Miner's Americans. He reports making quite a hit with his piano playing, singing and talking act. He will play the first-class vaudeville houses next Summer.

The team of Swan and Hammond, will hereafter be billed Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Hammond. Their new act has been a great success. They begin their New York engagement at Tony Pastor's, Feb. 26, 1906, two shows a day.

Here is the roster of the Duncan Clark Female Minstrels: Duncan Clark, proprietor and manager; I. Staples, business manager; J. F. Klidz, stage manager; Burt Marquart, musical director; L. Foster, costumer; B. Wells, prop; Mle. Donzelio, Bonnie Sherman, Jane Adams, Belle Hart, Sadie Connor, Violet Allen, May Long, Lilly Long, Marjorie Farr, Lottie Hilles, Vivian Gray, Alice Moss, Beatrice Grace, Mamie Collins, Agnes Klee, Dolly Madison, Edna Lyons, Florence Dinkley, Sylv Smith, Cora Haynes, Irene Harrison, Susan Worth, Fanny Dennis, Dora Cohan, Julia Brooks, Lila Jackson, Jennie Goodheart, Pearl Donaldson, Jack Long Cook, Henry Neulinger, porter. The Fannie Hill Company has been meeting with continuous success since the season began. Mr. Clark has furnished everything new for this year. Roster: C. B. Ransom, manager; F. Mackey, musical director; H. B. Blackburn, stage manager; Harry Wilson, prop; Fannie Hill, Emma Busch, Carrie Boughton, Nettie Allen, Minnie Dinmore, Viola Norris, Lulu Hanson, Dorothy Friend, Ada Fish, Ruby Brown, Ida Morton and Blanche Taft.

THE APACHES OF PARIS

-WORLD'S GREATEST THUGS-

ARTISTS IN THIEVERY

They Engage in Fierce Battles with Knives on the Public Thoroughfares in Broad Daylight.

HAVE NO FEAR OF THE POLICE WHOM THEY DESPISE

They Are Loyal to One Another Under All Circumstances, Make a Good Living by Their Wits, and Are United Against Society.

In Paris, that model city, well policed by gendarmes, there are streets that are less safe than the streets of any city in the world. And that is because of the audacious Parisian thug.

Fifteen years ago the songs of the toughs of Paris were so new to the public that they made a hit. They dealt with the then unknown under life of the "eccentric" quarters; the scarcely policed fortifications and the suburbs beyond them, and to the Parisians it was all extraordinary and far off.

To-day the ruffians have come to the centre of the capital. They are at home in the heart of the old Cite, beside the cathedral of Notre Dame; not a day passes without they distinguish themselves in the Rue St.

"Dat's too sporty fo Dan," he confided to a friend: "dah kick 'em in dah groin wit dah big boots and tramp on dah hand and dah shoot and slash scandous!"

Certainly French street fighting knows no fair play, and kicking is a part of French boxing; but what most troubles the police is the recent advent of the revolver. Of the eight original policemen six were finally carried to the St. Antoine Hospital, and all with bullets somewhere in them; and the battle would have ended in the triumph of the toughs had not policemen off duty, plain clothes men, detective inspectors, soldiers and firemen come to the rescue. Nine wounded Apaches were left on the ground by the fleeing bands.

Should a battle half this size take place in the Park Row district of New York—or should we say Union Square?—the papers of all Europe would ring with the tidings. Here the incident will be forgotten to-morrow, because, for one thing, there is a new one every day.

The Rue de la Navarin is in the respectable North centre of Paris, not far from the Trinity and near the Casino, so well-known to Americans. But it is also an artery leading to Montmartre; and in one of its wine shops a detective named Gallet and an inspector named Suinat arrested and handcuffed a much wanted young thug.

They were starting him off for the station house, when toughs of both sexes surrounded them as by magic. Gallet was knocked senseless with a loaded cane and Suinat was shot in the chest. And here is a detail that caps the climax—they actually searched the pockets of the two inspectors for the key to the handcuffs, found it and unlocked the laughing prisoner before the police could arrive.

That is the reason why nearly every young Parisian carries a revolver. Newcomers in Paris, thinking they know better, scoff at the precaution. Paris is the one great capital in which allusions like that to the "Coup de Pere Francois" (the trick of Uncle Frank) are joked about and understood by the entire population.

It was a vigorous young Parisian who was known very well, and he had his revolver in his pocket at the moment!

It might happen to any tourist. The Avenue des Champs Elysees, though in the centre of the fashionable section, does not even look safe at night. Until midnight, truly, it is lit up by the countless colored lamps of the open-air cafés; but it runs half its length through a veritable woods, and when the fairy lamps go out it is a lonesome spot. A young man was walking home at 1 A. M., when two hard-looking citizens briskly approached him.

One stopped and asked him: "What time is it?" while the other continued walking on, and so got behind the victim, while the questioner remained in front of him. The Parisian backed and reached for his revolver, but at that moment a heavy silk handkerchief was thrown over his head from behind. The second thug had done it. Immediately afterward he pivoted round and humped his back against the victim's back—back to back. Then, holding the two ends of the handkerchief at the height of his two shoulders, the thug tranquilly bent himself forward.

It was the "Coup de Pere Francois." The handkerchief tightened on the Parisian's neck and made his tongue stick out. The more the thug bent forward the more he pulled his victim backward—backward on the thug's back, sprawling them as in a barber's chair, with his feet off the ground and his arms tossing aimlessly—a quick case of spinal curvature. Reclining hopelessly

on the thug's back, lifted bodily from the sidewalk, with all the blood of his body throbbing in his cranium, he felt the other robber going calmly through his pockets. He remembers that the rogue in front then pulled his arms out straight with one hand; and then he lost consciousness. When he came to he was lying in the shadow of some bushes with a strained neck, but not otherwise damaged.

This used to be considered the strong point of the "Coup de Pere Francois." Its original inventor was a mild and bookish person, given to reading the Latin poets when not working, in the days of Louis Philippe. He is said to have possessed a refined, gentle speech.

"Why risk the guillotine?" he would argue. "Why soil your consciences with murder? No man can tell how he is going to feel with murder on his mind."

This argument would have no weight at all with the impatient and bloodthirsty young thugs of the present-day Apache. The knife and the pistol are their ideal weapons, and they really enjoy using them.

All this is new in France, where there were always criminals who would resort to violence, but where ingenuity and slickness were valued above brute directness. That the Apaches are brutal trouble hunters is seen by their interminable fights among themselves, while the columns of the Paris daily papers testify without cease to their willing use of the knife on passing citizens at night.

It is wonderful how the Parisians stand it. The police claim that the Public Prosecutor's Office sets the scamps free as soon as they have been brought into the Central Station by the dragnet methods "on suspicion" that might be the most effective if properly sustained, and the Parquet answers, on the one side, that the prisons are full, and on the other, that the police bring them prisoners without evidence.

As to the obtaining of evidence, it is rendered wonderfully difficult by the unfailing faithfulness of the Apaches to each other—in the midst of their most desperate battles and in spite of tempting money bribes—"beef" being the one unpardonable Apache crime. Furthermore, there is a Mafia-like "let the poor fellows alone" sentiment rife in all the under-population of the gay capital, a kind of proud-flesh growth of Socialism which sets one class against the other.

Men have been stabbed and robbed on the Boulevard de Capucines, in front of the Grand Opera, in the Rue Royale, between Maxim's and the Madeleine, and in the Place de la Concorde, in the lights of the Automobile Club windows. It is not this that sets Parisians talking about the Apaches. What raises their interest is the Apaches' street fighting—so much so that there is not a "Review" (of Paris local happenings) in a single cafe-chantant this present summer that has not its Apache street battle in it for picturesqueness.

Recently a Montmartre celebrity called "The Panther," was released from the hospital, only half cured of some ugly knife wounds concerning whose author he consistently professed ignorance.

The "Panther's" sweetheart, "Pale Berthe" and a sinister young scamp nicknamed "His Feet" came for him in a cab. It is the cabman who tells the story. Shortly after leaving the hospital they made "His Feet" get out, and took in his place one Doumergue, surnamed "The Viper." They did not trust "His Feet," Berthe testified later—they feared lest he should direct them to an ambush!—this in the big streets of central Paris in broad daylight.

"All at once," said the cabman, "I saw a man rush out from a doorway in the Avenue Gambetta, throw himself on the cab step and plunge his arm three times into the cab. Each time I saw a long and bloody knife in his hand." Then the unknown man fled. It was done so quickly that "The Viper" on the box beside the cab had time to draw and fire on the retreating figure only when the distance was too long to make the shot effective.

TOM O'DONNELL.

[WITH PHOTO.]

An old-timer and a good fellow is Tom O'Donnell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who is never tired of showing his POLICE GAZETTE medal, emblematic of the heavyweight boxing championship of the State.

He won it in 1877, when he met Fred J. Daily, of

CHALLENGES

I wish to issue the following challenge in your paper in behalf of Billy Rhodes, of Kansas City, Mo., to meet any man in the world at 142 pounds six



E. V. BEAUPRE.

Crack Bag Puncher and Athlete of 382 Luseal Street, Dallas, Texas, who issues a Defi to Any Bag Expert in the State to Meet Him.

hours before battle, for a purse and side bet if so desired. I will deposit any part of one thousand dollars with the POLICE GAZETTE.—T. T. Arnette, Hotel Ashland, Kansas City, Mo.

H. Stromberg, the crack runner, would like to meet Alec Nelson, in a half-mile professional race.

Joe Mehan, 423 Haig street, West Hoboken, N. J., would like to meet all comers at 133 pounds at 3 P. M.

Frank Buckley, of 155 Meeker avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., wants to meet Frank Voip, for a purse for any number of rounds.

Young Muldoon, without doubt the best 125-pound wrestler around New York, would like to meet Jack Harvey, for whom Dr. Scudder, the Jersey City minister, said he would hang up a purse, and the best 125-pound wrestler that could be found.

Bartley Connelly, the Maine welterweight, is anxious for another meeting with Harry Edels. The last fight at Portland was a lively one, and Connelly feels certain that in another trial he can get the award. Man and money ready at any time.

Nick Hollywood, Coaldale, Pa., challenges all boxers who can make 115-18 pounds. His manager is Hugh M. Boyle.

Albert De Rosa, record for shaving, 45 seconds; Andrew Palladine, hair cut, in 7 minutes; Otto Bobe, hair cut, shave and shampoo, 10 minutes. Send all replies to this challenge to 543 Elizabeth avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

J. O'Connell, of New Haven, the real legitimate lightweight champion wrestler of Connecticut, in fact of New England, would like to meet any man in the business, bar none, from 133 to 140 pounds. O'Connell would like to wrestle George Bothner, of New York, at 135 pounds, and will give him a side bet and let winner take the whole purse.

GOOD FOOTBALL PLAYERS
Can get points from the book written by Billy Bannard, the famous Princeton authority. It is specially illustrated, and shows all the fine points. It also contains the rules for Association and Rugby. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.



A BASKET OF THOROUGHBREDS.

The Crack Bull Terrier and Her Puppies. They are Owned by H. F. Leser, 96 East 39th Street, Chicago, Ill. He issues a defi to anyone to show their equal.

Grand Rapids, whom he beat in eight fast rounds. Then O'Donnell announced that he was ready to meet all comers and defend the title. Jim Feil arrived from England later, and their first meeting was a fiasco. In their second meeting O'Donnell had his man beaten in the fifth, when the police stopped it.

Later, he beat Jack McDermott, the Rochester fire laddie, in 3 rounds; Andrew Palladine, hair cut, in 7 minutes; Otto Bobe, hair cut, shave and shampoo, 10 minutes. Send all replies to this challenge to 543 Elizabeth avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

TOM O'DONNELL.

A Prominent Citizen of Grand Rapids, Mich., who was once the Heavyweight Boxing Champion of the State. You will notice that He Wears a Police Gazette Medal presented to Him by Mr. Richard K. Fox in 1877.

Martin, the Faubourg Montmartre and Newspaper Row; the Boulevard Sebastopol and the streets around the Central Markets also witness their daily violence; and the Place de la Bastille was the scene of a veritable pitched battle between them and the police that surpasses anything heretofore dreamed of.

It sounds like a tale from the Mexican border. In the Rue de la Roquette some twenty toughs were fighting together with knives and pistols—two bands, one against the other. Eight policemen, requisitioned by the frightened shopkeepers, tried to separate them.

Then what always happens, happened. The toughs at once forgot their personal differences to make common cause against the "agents;" and one explanation of their insolent daring is found in a really too humane police regulation. While the toughs use knives and pistols freely, the police may draw their revolvers and sword bayonets only in the last extremity; and then they often hesitate, fearing to hear the next morning a veritable howl set up in the Socialist newspapers and the "Extreme Left" of the Chamber of Deputies—enemies of all authority.

So it happened that for a full hour the Place de la Bastille in central Paris, was a bloody battle ground on which the police did the bleeding. From a dozen tough bars came reinforcements to the Apaches—as the toughs delight to call themselves, and the name has stuck. They fight with knuckle dusters, called "American punches," with blackjacks, leaded canes, sword canes and revolvers. But their really favorite weapon is the long, thin, sharp knife called the "zurin," which they handle with a ripping stroke.

An American darky stranded in Paris, who saw the battle from the windows of a wine shop, where he worked, quit that day without asking for his wages.

GET A FOOTBALL BOOK

That will teach you something and one that is up-to-date. The real one this season is by Billy Bannard, of Princeton; it is No. 14 of Fox's Athletic Library. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra. Write to the Police Gazette office for it at once.

THAT GREAT BOOK--PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR LADIES, by Belle Gordon--Mailed for Seven 2c. Stamps



LILLY LENA, PRETTY AS A PICTURE.



MAUD DE LORA, A BEAUTY WITH TALENT.



RADIE FURMAN, DOES A GREAT ACT.



LILLIE MAE WHITE, AS THE FENCING GIRL.

FOUR OF A KIND.
YOU OUGHT TO SEE THEM ON THE STAGE WHEN THEY ARE WORKING--NO, PLAYING.

Photos by Feinberg: New York



BILLY SPEED.

A FAST AND CLEVER BOXER WHOSE RECORD IS VERY GOOD.



FRANK KEITH.

BONHEUR BROTHERS' SINGING CLOWN AND HIS GREAT RIDING DOG.



NICK HOLLYWOOD.

A COALDALE, PA., BOXER WHO CHALLENGES ANY ONE AT 115-118 POUNDS.



A. PALLADINE.

A TRIO OF AMBITIOUS BARBERS OF 543 ELIZABETH AVENUE, ELIZABETH, N. J., WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO MAKE MATCHES WITH ANY TONSORIALISTS IN THE EAST.



A. DE ROSA.



O. BOBE.



J. N. KEMP.

OWNER OF THE CITY HOTEL OF READING, PA.



LEO BERLOW.

THE STURDY WRESTLER OF NEWARK, N. J., WHO IS HARD TO BEAT.



CLEVER ON THE DIAMOND.

THE FAST WEST END TEAM OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN., WHO KNOW THE GAME OF BASEBALL FROM START TO FINISH AND PLAY IT WELL, TOO.

BOXERS LOSE HEART

AND RARELY RECOVER,

WHEN BADLY BEATEN

A Man Who Has Been Thoroughly Whipped Seldom Gets Into Good Ring Form Again.

GOOD MEN WHOM PUNCHING HAS DONE FOR.

Hard Hammering Put Kid Carter on the Retired List With Tom Sharkey, Frank Slavin, Dan Creedon and a Host of Others.

When Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell entered the ring at Jacksonville, Fla., for their memorable fight in 1894, the former remarked:

"I'll give you a licking that will do you good."

He didn't mean good—he meant bad, for a good thorough beating has never done any fighter "good."

Look at Kid Carter, one of the best punch swappers and mixers in the business. The beatings he received has put him all to the bad, and permanently, at that.

Young Corbett gave Eddie Hanlon some pretty rough usage, and the Western layout are asking themselves the question:

"Will Hanlon ever be as good again as he was before that fight?"

Past performances indicate that very few, if any, fighters completely recover from a solid hammering.

Tom Sharkey got his quietus at Coney Island, when Jim Jeffries scattered his internal arrangement to the places where it ought not to be. Tom's ribs were cracked, his heart was shoved up in his throat and his lungs were flattened.

Never after that did the sailor figure in the spot light. His battle with Gus Kuhlin gave the first intimation that he had backsid. Then, when Fitz tumbled him over in two rounds with great ease, all the world knew that as a championship possibility Thomas was a fighter with a past, but no future.

Try as he would, he could never again fight with the same confidence or at the same speed he brought into play in all his encounters previous to the meeting with the present champion. All the fight that was in him was taken out of him and he can't get it back.

Frank Slavin, when he came from Australia, was heralded as a man who could take any amount of punishment without flinching. His battles with Jack Burke, Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain showed that the high estimate of his ability in taking "caft" was not amiss and the manner in which he waded through those people when they were at the height of their career left no further doubt in the minds of his friends as to his prowess.

In fact, he was held in such high esteem in the minds of Sullivan's friends that when Slavin went to the Southern Hotel in St. Louis and shook \$5,000 under the very nose of Sullivan, then an undefeated man, the big fellow refused a meeting, saying that he had retired from the ring and was perfectly willing to hand the championship over to the sturdy and hustling Australian.

Then came Slavin's fight with Jackson, and to this day it is referred to as the greatest battle that ever took place in England. For ten rounds these wonderful fighters stood up before each other, and it was give and take all the time.

No one for a moment believed that the man drew breath that could stand up and exchange swats with Slavin. They had figured that Jackson would make a runaway fight of it and eventually bring Slavin down.

Imagine their surprise when Peter decided to mix matters. For a few rounds they could not believe their eyes, and then gradually they noticed a weakening in Slavin. He never recovered from that punishment, and Jim Hall and others easily disposed of him, and the climax came when Nick Burley put him away in Alaska. Burley could not have lasted ten seconds when Slavin was at his best.

Take Jack Dempsey, and think of what Fitzsimmons handed to him at New Orleans.

Poor Jack never recovered from that day until death relieved him. He could not have beaten a bantam-weight after that fight, and yet what a wonderful pugilist he was until he met defeat. It took the heart out of him, and once the ticker is taken out of a game man no power on earth can replace it, no matter how willing a man may be to have it restored.

The terrible walloping that Kid McCoy gave Dan Creedon placed that once famous fighter in the ranks of has-beens, thence to remain evermore.

Denver Ed Smith took all the fight out of Joe Goddard, and demonstrated to the latter that a man could be knocked out. Up to this battle it used to be a stock phrase with Goddard that no man could be knocked out, and that any man who claimed he was was a quitter. He changed his mind, however, after his mill with Smith.

Whatever fight Peter Maher had in his make-up when he landed in America was taken out of him in his meeting with Fitzsimmons at New Orleans, when, in referring to Fitz, he said, "He have t' divil in him. I can't hit him."

Young Corbett took all the fight out of Kid Broad when he tumbled him about in this city.

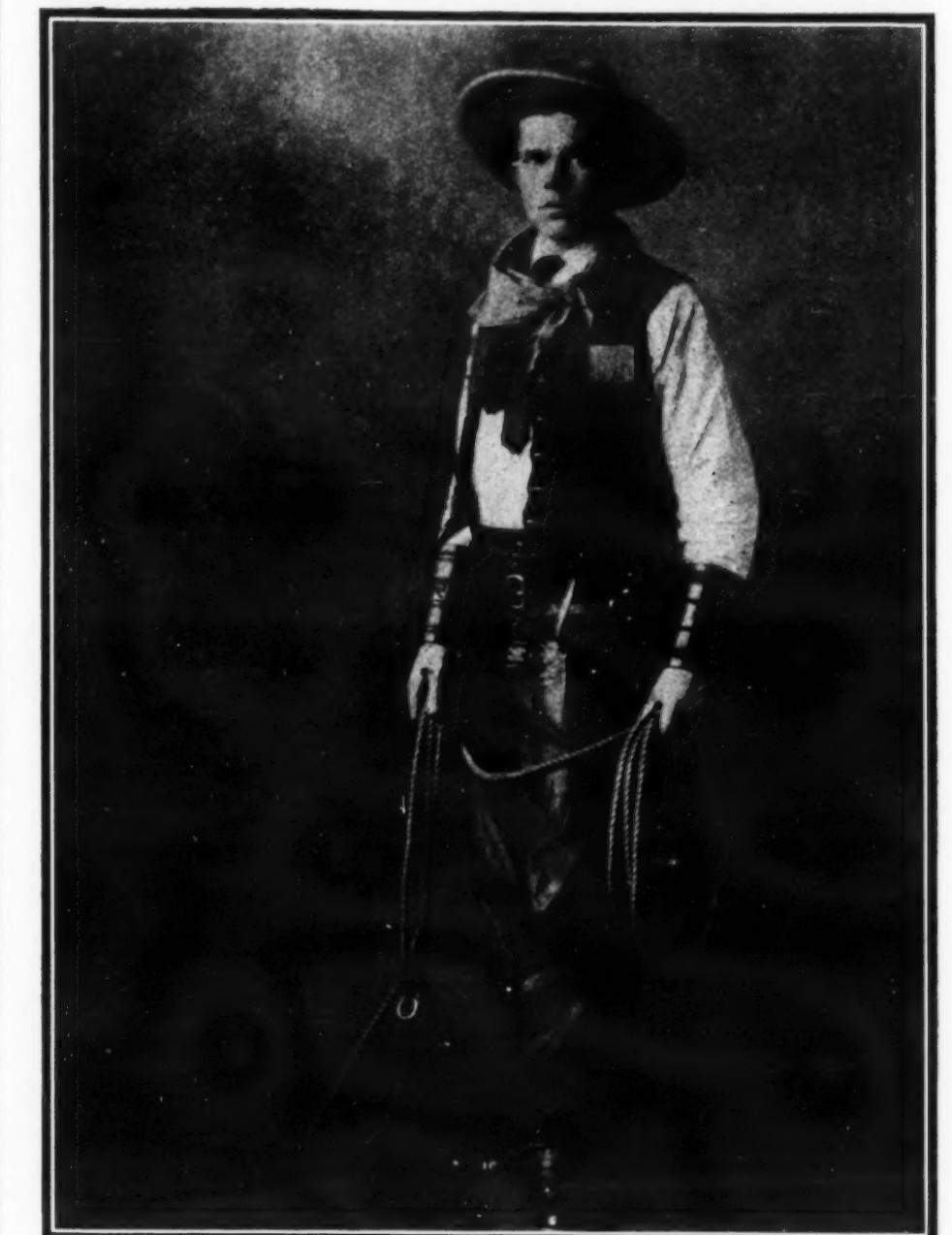
McFadden fixed George Lavigne so that never after did he again class among the champions.

Gans placed Frank Erne where he would never be dangerous again.

Solly Smith was considered a wonder in California, and his progress was of the meteoric order. His battle with Johnny Griffin almost put him to the bad. As he won, however, he kept on and his heart was not broken. But when George Dixon plastered him about the heart and put him down and out, his fighting days

were a thing of the past and he never again ranked as a champion.

The punishment that Kid Parker received from Young Peter Peter Jackson reduced him from a stake horse to the commonest selling-plater, and he has been whipped by almost every man he ever tackled since, until to-day it's a shame to even call him a fighter,



PRIVATE CHARLES MORTIMER.

A Champion Rider and Roper of Troop G, Eighth United States Cavalry, Fort William McKinley, Manila, Philippine Islands. He issues a Challenge to any Soldier in the United States Army to Compete with Him in a Contest of Skill.

and only his brilliant record of the past secures recognition for him.

This same Parker is all that stood in the way of Billy Ottis from becoming world's champion. The punishment administered to Ottis in his battle with Parker showed—or, rather, led Ottis to believe—that something else besides the fighting game was his forte.

SCROGGS DIDN'T GET IT.

Harry Scroogs and Kid Gilbert fought fifteen rounds before the Nonpareil Club, at Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 3. The referee decided it a draw, though Scrogs had the best of it and was fast at the finish, while Gilbert was nearly done for.

Gilbert was knocked down three times, and took heavy punishment from first to last.

BRIGGS OUTFOUGHT RUSSELL.

In the presence of a crowd that filled every corner of the National A. C., at Philadelphia, on Sept. 30, Jimmy Briggs outfought Unk Russell in one of the fastest six-

THE GAME OF POKER
Is not good for the health unless you are a winner. In order to beat it study Poker; How to Win; It is the best ever. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

round arguments ever seen in the Quaker City. Briggs knew more of the manly art than Russell and his jabs had the Quaker City boxer rattled. Russell had the better of the opening round, during which he forced Briggs about the ring and landed a number of swings on Jimmy's face and body. Briggs came back hard in the second round and evened up matters. There was little to choose between them in the third round, in which Briggs made Russell's nose bleed and Unk drew blood from the Bostonian's mouth.

Briggs had the advantage of the next rounds. Russell was wild and many of his swings missed their mark, while Jimmy's left jabs and uppercuts with his right, reached Unk's face repeatedly. Russell worked hard in the last round and there never was any let up. At times the men stood head to head and showered blows on each other's body, while they tried to get in short arm jolts to the face.

MATTHEWS AT THE HIPPODROME.

Matty Matthews, former welterweight champion of the world, has entered the ranks of the men who ride the plunging horses at the Hippodrome, New York City. The fighter, who has been the principal in more than one hundred bouts, and who says that they brought him \$100,000, is penniless. Fast living, he says, has taken the last of the money which he had won in the prize ring.

Matthews made application recently to Thompson & Dundee. In his boyhood days, he said, he had won some slight fame as a jockey, and he felt he had the courage and ability to take the dive into the big Hippodrome tank on a horse. He was given a position, and went through his programme without a hitch or halt.

Matthews lost the championship to Rube Ferns in Toronto three years ago, and since that time has been on the down path. His last battle was with Billy Foy. They fought in New Orleans a few months ago, and

IN THE BOXING WORLD.

Marvin Hart is to be starred in a melodrama.

Emergency Kelly recently defeated Jack Smith in three rounds at Norwood, Mass.

Jimmy Britt is traveling with a vaudeville company, and will shortly appear in the East.

Beth McLeod defeated **Jack Ryan** in one round at St. John, New Brunswick, on Oct. 2.

Young Corbett has thrown up his match with Mike Ward at Detroit. Ward wanted too much weight.

Young Corbett has stated that he will reside in Philadelphia this Fall, and engage in a few six-round bouts in the Quaker City.

Mike Donovan, of Rochester, and Cy Flynn, of Buffalo, milled six rounds to a draw before the 'Frisco A. C., at Buffalo, on Oct. 2.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien is now on the Coast trying to induce the pugilistic promoters there to arrange a go between him and Marvin Hart.

Three sets of films have been made of the Britt-Nelson fight pictures, and are now being shown in California, New York and through the South.

Kid Harrigan made short work of **Fred Cody** at the Pastime A. C., Portland, Me., on Oct. 2, scoring a clean knockout early in the third round.

Billy Nolan, manager of Battling Nelson, now threatens to resort to the courts to secure his share of \$5,000 in the moving pictures of the Britt-Nelson fight.

Bert Crowhurst, the Philadelphia sport promoter, is looking after the business interests of Digger Stanley, the English bantam, now in this country.

Wesley Coe, the amateur champion shot-putter, can box a bit and he talks of becoming a professional pugilist and trying for the heavyweight championship.

Jack Munroe got the decision over **Tom Carey**, of New York, who fought under the name of Murphy, in a six-round sparring bout at Rosslyn Rink, Sydney, on Oct. 2.

Kid Barrish beat **Kid Wright** in seven rounds at Norwood, Mass., on Sept. 28. Barrish had the advantage in every round and gave Wright some hard punishment.

Sam Berger, the crack amateur heavyweight boxer of San Francisco, says that Kauffman's recent success as a professional will not cause him to become a pro.

Will Joe Cherry, the Saginaw, Mich., boxer, whose picture appeared in a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, send his street address to M. Carey, 260 Royal street, New Orleans, La.

As the result of a fight between Buddy Ryan and his manager, Johnny Reid, the pugilist is likely to lose the sight of his left eye. Reid slashed Ryan with a knife and cut the eyeball.

Harry Brodigan, the English bantam who has been here a couple of times, and who was quickly put away by Jimmy Walsh, defeated Tibby Watson, of Australia, in twenty rounds in London recently.

Young John L. Sullivan, who hails from Massachusetts, is at last a champion. He fought Jem Roche, the champion of Ireland, at Dublin recently, and after a hard fight, in which both were badly punished, Sullivan knocked Roche out in twenty rounds.

Fierce slugging and much roughhouse work characterized the ten-round bout at Allentown, Pa., on Sept. 29 between Joe Grim and Jack Williams, both of Philadelphia. There was action in every round. In the seventh Grim scored a knockdown, only to be floored himself less than ten seconds later. Grim, as usual, was there at the finish.

With about thirty pounds against him, **Dave Deshler**, of Cambridge, won over Guy Ashley, of Fall River, at the Lakeside A. C., Webster, Mass., on Oct. 2. George Ashley, brother of the boxer, of New York, was scheduled to box, but on account of a recent injury he was unable to appear, and Referee James Sargent, of Boston, declared all bets off. The bout went fifteen rounds.

A fifteen-round draw was the card at the Eureka A. C., at Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 29. The principals were Sam Langford and Young Peter Jackson. At long-range fighting Langford soon proved that he was Jackson's master. A right hand swing to the left eye in the fourth round nearly closed Jackson's optic. From this time on both men devoted their time to infighting. At the finish both men were strong.

Six hundred members of the Unity Cycle Club witnessed, at Lawrence, Mass., a fast battle between Chic Tucker and Matty Baldwin recently. Although Baldwin was the cleverer of the two, he could not withstand the wicked onslaughts of Tucker's body punishment. After Tucker had knocked Baldwin down with a left swing to the stomach in the tenth round, Baldwin claimed he had been hit low, and Referee Martin Flaherty stopped the bout and gave Baldwin the decision on a foul.

SMITH TRIMMED DECKER.

Sammy Smith's cleverness enabled him to secure the verdict over George Decker in the windup at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Sept. 28.

In the other bouts Kid Locke and Billy Wills went six rounds to a draw; Joe Kelley was stopped in four rounds by the Gashouse Terror; Jimmy Smister stopped Eddie Fay in one round; Bover Kelly and Tom Long broke even.

MANY POKER CHIPS

Will come your way if you are on to the curves of the game, and the way to get next is to buy Poker; How to Win. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

BILLY GILBERT

-ACKNOWLEDGED BY FANS AS THE BRIGHTEST-

SECOND BASE STAR

The New York Nationals Infielder Who Isn't Very Big--But Who Gets There Just the Same.

TELLS OF SOME OF HIS STAR PLAYS.

He Isn't a Heavy Hitter But He is Reasonably Safe, and Knows How to Place His Ball--Is a Great Base Stealer.

NO. 13.

Billy Gilbert, the second baseman of the New York Nationals, is one of the fastest infielders that ever handled a ball. He is the quickest player on double plays and on plays that require lightning-like execution that the country ever saw. This is high praise, but the Giants' little second baseman deserves every bit of it, and the very fast work that such cracks as Ferris, Parent, Wallace, Elterfeld, Wagner, Leach, Ritchey and others are capable of is duly recognized. Not only was Gilbert's brilliant fielding a revelation at the Polo Grounds, but it also caused a sensation in every National League city.

Gilbert is not a big man, but what he can do with the horsehide is a caution. He is close to the ground; consequently he has not far to stoop. He has the happy faculty of always having his hands in the right place and, as for covering ground, those legs of his carry him around like a will o' the wisp. A bandy-legged player one can always bank on, anyhow. Ever since the days of George Wright they have always been noted as great ground covers and quick fielders. George Wright's pedals were a bit bent, as were Bob Eddy's and Dave Force's, and when one looks at Lave Cross's shafts one wonders that the ball doesn't go through them every time. Dan Brouthers was as knock-kneed as Bob Fitzsimmons and couldn't stop a grounder with a net, but those fellows can eat the sword-scorchers.

And so it is with little Gilbert. Nothing appears too difficult for him, and, if he does happen to fumble the ball he is so close to it that he can recover in time to nail his man nine times out of ten.

Manager McGraw, being small himself, seems to take to low-sized players. A few years ago players as little as Keeler, Elterfeld, Leach, Parent and others of their stature would be passed up as too small, although such freaks as Davy Force did break in occasionally, but they were exceptional. Anson, himself a big man,

as the next one. After he gets to that perch he is a dangerous customer, for he is a daring, dashing base runner, and sneaks in many stolen bases that count for keeps.

Gilbert has figured in many fast plays and has made his share of errors. But listen to what he says of himself:

"A player wants to go after everything. Be on the jump all the time and make a break after the most difficult ball. Even if it looks safe go after it; you can't tell what might happen."

"Errors don't figure with me and I know they don't with McGraw. A player who does not make errors you can put down as anchoring himself in one spot and praying that the ball doesn't come his way."

"The play that I crack myself up most on was made in Cincinnati on September 18, 1903, when the Giants were playing the Cincinnati Reds. It was on the Giants' last trip and we were fighting tooth and nail with the Chicagoans for second place, and every victory was as big to us as a brick house.

"We were in the lead at the time and things looked rosy bright for us."

"All of a sudden, however, the Reds, who were our Jonahs then, took a batting streak and caused a seriousness."

"Donlin had made a single and Seymour followed with a double. They are both fast runners and we only had a lead of a run or two, so that a hit would have tangled up matters to a dangerous point. We moved up our infield to head Donlin off at the plate in case there was a ground hit. Dolan came to bat and sent a short fly over my head. I could see it was too short for Bresnahan to cover, so I sprinted after it for dear life. I didn't have much of an idea that I could nail the ball, but I said to myself: 'Second place may depend on this,' so I kept pegging away. My back was to the ball, but, glancing over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of it and, with a spring and my hands outstretched over my head, I just managed to clutch the sphere, still with my back to the plate."

"Both Seymour and Donlin, thinking the hit was surely safe, made a break for home. I tossed the ball to Babb, putting out Seymour, and Babb shot it to Launder, and Donlin was pinned before he could get back to third. The play broke the Reds all up and won us the game."

"It may have been a lucky catch, but if I hadn't gone after the ball and taken a long chance I never would have landed it."

"I figured in another triple play at the Polo Grounds when we were playing the St. Louis Cardinals. Bresnahan caught a short fly, with three men on bases, and chucked to me in time to catch the runner at second. I snapped to Warner, heading off the man who was on third, at the plate. We could have put out four men, for Warner whipped the ball back to me and we pinched the runner who was on first."

"There were only four triple plays made in the National League that season and I was in two of them. I am not much of a hitter, not a long one, anyhow, but I try to place the ball and once in a while I cop out a pinch swat that tells. I remember one at the Polo Grounds that I made in

the last inning and when we needed a run to win. There were two out, and all I wanted was to get to first, and then I had made up my mind to take all kinds of chances on the bases. I shot the ball safe to left, stole second on the first ball pitched and then made a break for third on the next one. I slid into third, took the third baseman's legs out from under him so that he missed the catcher's good throw, and I ambled home with the winning run."

"Once I made a three-base hit in Baltimore, and that also won the game. I make so few long hits that when I do make a triple it is an event that I feel like celebrating. This one was made in the last inning with three on bases and off Powell, of the St. Louis Browns. It sent in three runs and, and as we were two to the bad, I was the hero. To pick out my worst play is pretty difficult, for I have made so many that it is like looking for a needle in a haystack. One of the most costly ones, however, was when I tried to make a circus play against the Washingtons in Baltimore. There were two men on bases and two out and two runs would win the game. Delehanty was at the bat and he hit a measly little lick that just bounded over the pitcher's head. It was too slow a hit for me to get to first by a clean play, so I took the chance of tossing it back-handed to McGann. The ball didn't go within a mile of him and both runners scored. If I had just stopped the ball without trying to field it, only one run would have been scored and we might still have won the game. But I wasn't called down by McGraw for that."

"You tried for the play and that's all I want," he said."

SAILOR LADS BOX.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Yard was the scene of some good boxing on Oct. 2, and on the deck of the cruiser Tacoma a ring was erected and the bouts witnessed by over 500 sailors and officers from the different ships lying at the yard.

The entertainment was under the management of Master-at-Arms Sam Rogers, of the Tacoma. The first bout started at 7:30 o'clock.

A purse of \$300 was raised by subscription among the sailors and officers of the fleet. This purse was divided so that \$25 went to the participants in the first bout, \$50 to the fighters in the second, and the balance, \$225, to the contestants in the last bout.

Lieut. D. C. Harranhan, engineer officer of the Tacoma, had been designated boxing manager of the fleet, and he arranged the meeting. The combined bands of the ships in the Navy Yard entertained the sailors until the fighting began. But all were impatient until the lightweights selected for the first bout entered the ring.

This event was between Kid Linsky, of the Chattanooga, and Kid Beetham, of the Tacoma. It was a four-round go with two-ounce gloves at 110 pounds. The referee was Midshipman Blossom. Both men sprang into the ring a few seconds before the gong. The little fighters went at each other in dead earnest. There was no cheering nor criticism of the fighters on the part of the audience, as orders had been given to preserve absolute quiet. After four rounds of furious fighting the referee called the fight a draw.

The second fight was between C. Ward and Red Hobkins, both of the Brooklyn. The men weighed in at 130 pounds and fought six fast rounds to a draw. The referee was Master-at-Arms Sam Rogers.

All had waited for the last event, which was the most important. This was a ten-round affair between H. R. Dormartius, of the cruiser Brooklyn, and T. E. Shaffer, of the Tacoma.

Shaffer, a native of Los Angeles, Cal., was introduced as a Native Son of the Golden West. Matters were even at the end of the first round.

In the second, Shaffer took the lead, and his strength and cleverness was apparent, and had his opponent bleeding from the nose and mouth.

One minute after the sixth round Shaffer knocked out his opponent with a left hand uppercut.

JENKINS WAS A PIPE.

Ahmed Madrali, the Turk, defeated Tom Jenkins, the American wrestler, in two straight falls at London, Eng., on Oct. 2. The match, which was catch-as-catch-can style, was for \$500 a side, and a purse of \$750. The Turk, who is both taller and heavier than the American, had all the advantage of the bouts. He scored the first fall in 19 minutes 48 seconds and the second in 22 minutes 46 seconds.

ROLLER WAS EASY.

It took Harry Lewis, of Philadelphia, on'y four rounds to defeat Jack Roller, of New York, at the Douglas Club, Chelsea, Mass., on Sept. 28. The bout was scheduled for fifteen rounds. Roller showed some fighting in the first, but even after that round the spectators were satisfied that he was no match for Lewis. The Philadelphia boxer besides having weight on Roller was too clever for the New Yorker.

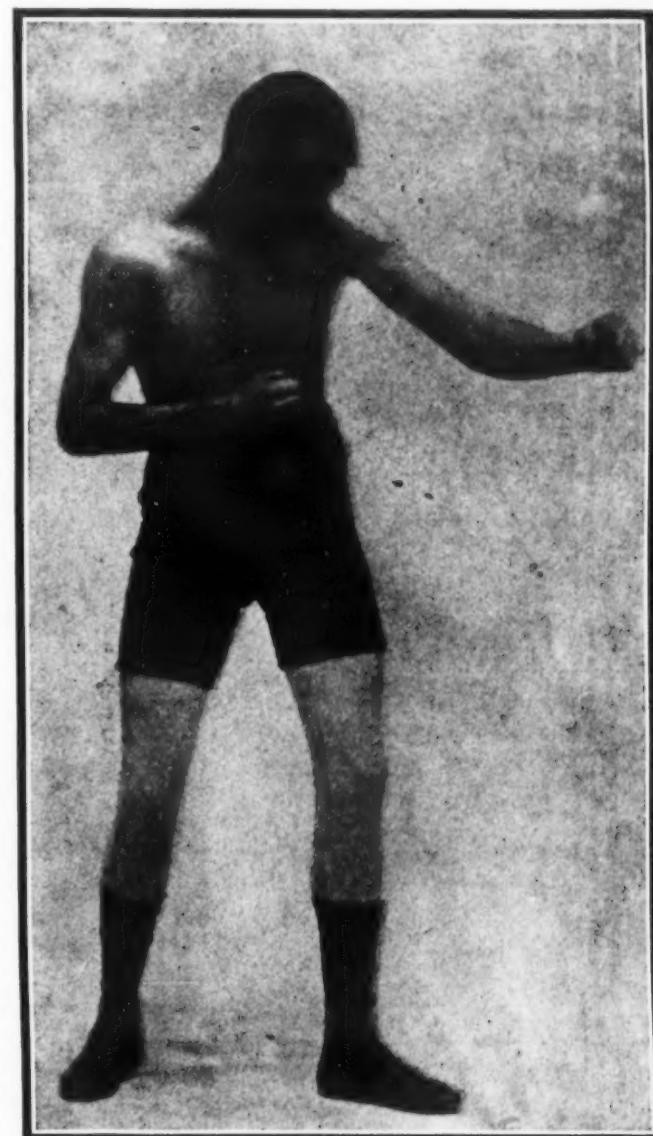
The semi-final bout, between Kid Wallace, of New York, and Kid Hessel of Providence, was a draw.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Interesting Letter From a Man Who Has Been Benefited.

There doesn't seem to be anything left for the editor of the POLICE GAZETTE to add to the following letter. Read it and see what you think:

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Sept. 3, 1905.
MR. RICHARD K. FOX—*Dear Sir:* The subject of the enclosed pictures is one among many proofs that physical development is possible even under very ad-



NAT WILLIAMS.

Lightweight New Zealander who is Australasian Champion and Winner of the Richard K. Fox Gold Medal.

verse circumstances, and that in spite of the most confining and exacting occupation the physical powers of man can be brought to a very high degree of perfection.

I am a resident of San Antonio, Tex., and have for 16 years past been a pharmacist (prescription clerk). I work about 100 hours a week at my chosen profession, which requires alertness, persistence and care; yet by means of the POLICE GAZETTE's theory of physical culture, I am well enough, and strong enough to extract the profits, and enjoy the pleasures of life and of the world.

My age is 34 years, weight 132 pounds. Before I took up physical culture I weighed 150 pounds. It is not often, it is extremely rare, that a pharmacist's picture appears upon the pages of the GAZETTE. Will you kindly consider my pictures and also issue my defy to all druggists that do actual prescription work behind the prescription counter.

I stand ready to defend the title of champion 132-pound physical culture druggist, and am ready to make a combination match with any druggist in the United States at weight-lifting, walking, running, bicycle racing, wrestling, boxing. I can refer you to Mr. Wagner, for whom I have been working 8 years, and any reputable physician in San Antonio.

Very respectfully, T. ALVIN LUTER.
[Mr. Luter's photograph is on page 12 of this issue.]

MR. FOX'S FOOTBALL CUP.

[WITH PHOTO.]

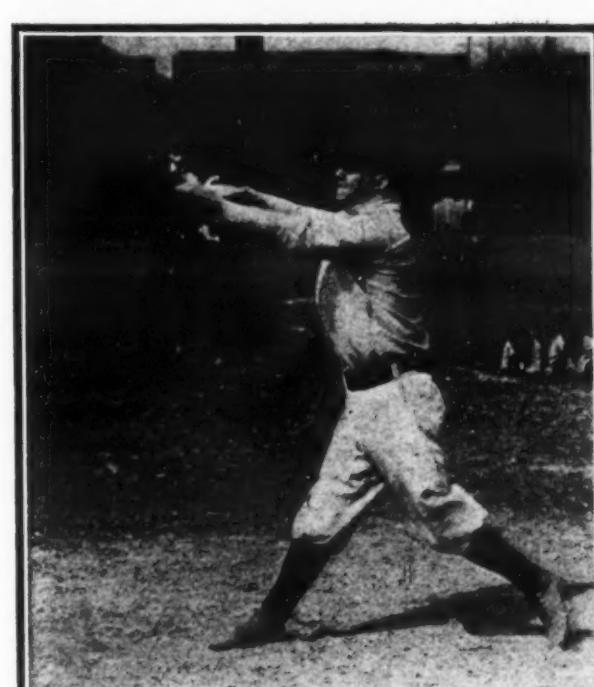
On another page of this issue appears a picture of what is known as the Richard K. Fox silver cup, emblematic of the football championship of Monmouth County, N. J. The cup cost \$250 and is a beautiful specimen of the silversmith's art. It is to be competed for every year, and the team winning it three years in succession comes into full possession of the trophy and the title.

For years football battles have raged from one end of Monmouth County to the other, and the title has always been disputed.

Mr. Fox, with that great generosity which has characterized every move of his busy life, had this cup made, and this season the seashore warriors of the gridiron will have something definite to battle for.

A FOOTBALL BOOK

Is worth nothing if it isn't by a good man, Billy Bannard, of Princeton, has written Football: How To Play It, for the Fox Athletic Library. It is full of fine pictures, and if you are from Missouri it will show you. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.



WILLIAM GILBERT.

The Crack Second Baseman of the Giants, snapped in His Typical Position when Making a Hit.

always wanted to get giants on his team, and he did. Anse signed a player once just because he was big and looked strong. The player was so lop-sided, so ungainly, so shambling, that the only thing he could buy ready-made was an umbrella. Still, this player was Bill Lange and he turned out a wonder.

But McGraw looks to the lively, under sized youngsters for the infielders, and he has the cream of them all in Billy Gilbert.

Gilbert is not a heavy hitter, but he makes many a timely hit and manages to get to first about as often

as I was in two of them. I am not much of a hitter, not a long one, anyhow, but I try to place the ball and once in a while I cop out a pinch swat that tells. I remember one at the Polo Grounds that I made in

Healthful and Entertaining--CLUB SWINGING by the American and Australian Champions--Six 2c. Stamps



NEW YORK'S PRETTIEST
ONE DOZEN BEAUTIES AS THEY APPEARED IN ONE OF THE SPECTACULARS
MUCH AS THE PRINCIPALS TO MATT



PRETEST SHOW GIRLS.

THE SSES OF THE "PRINCE OF PILSEN" AND THEY HELPED JUST AS
MAY THE SHOW A GREAT SUCCESS.

FITZ AGREES TO FIGHT

ONLY TO A FINISH AND FOR THE TITLE—
HART FOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Joe Walcott Again Defends the Welterweight Honors and will Take on Willie Lewis, a New Aspirant.

GOTCH MAKES AN INGLORIOUS DEBUT AS A FIGHTER.

Jack Munroe Still Faking with Jabber Carey—John L. Sullivan Doesn't Believe in Fancy Fighting—Gossip and Small Talk.

Bob Fitzsimmons has found that "fighting for love" on the stage isn't near so profitable as fighting for those orange colored pieces of paper which the United States Treasury Department will redeem for so much of their equivalent in gold coin, and his purpose therefore, is to give up the profitless pastime for the more profitable one of fighting in the ring, and he now looks with favor upon the proposition to match him against Marvin Hart, in a finish fight for the championship title which the latter now holds pro tem. Lanky Bob expressed himself freely on the subject and declared that he not only was deadly in earnest in his determination to show fight followers that he is capable of putting up another battle, but was confident that in case the Hart people come to time he would land the winner's end of the purse.

Fitz asserted that his hands are now in good shape, as he has not had a mill for over a year and the damaged digits have gradually come around till he has ceased to fear that they were wrought permanent injury in his last battle with Jeffries.

In the arena of fistiana Ruby Robert is yet regarded highly, and many local sports share the opinion that while the greatest fighting machine the world ever knew is not as powerful as the Fitz of old, the ex-champion would stand a good chance with Hart, although the Kentuckian is a strong and rugged athlete.

An Imposing factor in welterweight affairs is Willie Lewis, who has outgrown the lightweight limit and is therefore forced to seek laurels in the 145-pound division. He has planned an extensive campaign involving an interesting feature at the outset. His first open welterweight battle is to be with Joe Walcott. Everybody had sort of forgotten that the once great welterweight champion was alive until Lewis unearthed the fact, and will fight him for the welterweight championship.

While Walcott has not done any fighting for many months, there should be some good battles left in him. His retirement was not by the wallop of ambitious youngsters, as in the case with most champions. The Barbadoes Demon formed an entangling alliance with a .45 Colt about a year ago. The revolver got the decision and Walcott's good right hand has never been the same since.

The Michigan A. C., at Detroit, where Lewis has done most of his recent fighting, will hang up a good purse for the fight if Walcott can be induced to go into training. Lewis wants the weight to be 142 pounds ringside, and if he defeats Walcott at that weight will claim the welterweight championship of the world.

Lewis thinks that the Walcott battle will make a good crowd to pry Jimmy Gardner out of his hole on the Coast. Lewis says that they are coming pretty easy for Gardner out there, and on that account the New England welters turned down every offer of the Detroit Club to meet him in a long battle.

Frank Gotch, the wrestler, who for a year past has been enthusiastically boozing himself as the probable successor to the discarded title of heavyweight champion fighter, made an inglorious debut in the boxing arena the other night at Spokane in a bout with Boomer Weeks, a rank novice, who would probably have knocked Gotch out had not the latter resorted to wrestling tactics to evade punishment. Gotch seemed to think it was a hugging match, and during the last few rounds contented himself with clinching to Weeks to avoid a knockout. In vain Referee Eddie Quinn endeavored to break Gotch in the clinches. The spectators hissed Gotch for his deliberate attempts to wear Weeks out by hanging on to him, and his apparent fear to fight in the open.

In the tenth Gotch went down from a terrific right to the jugular and took the count. A few seconds later he dropped to one knee, and, hugging for the rest of the contest, saved himself from a knockout. Aside from a bleeding nose, Weeks was unhurt.

Gotch's failure recalls the old adage about the difficulty of teaching an old dog new tricks. A word of advice seems apropos. Mr. Gotch, please don't spall a good wrestler to make a poor fighter!

Jack Munroe still continues to impose his preposterous claims to being a pugilist upon an indulgent public. A beautiful pea green circular, which reached me other day, contained this announcement.

BOXING EXHIBITION.

JACK MUNROE, OF BOULARDERIE,
VS.
TOM MURPHY, OF NEW YORK.

ROSSLYN RINK, SYDNEY,
Monday Night, October 2nd, 8 o'clock sharp.

REMEMBER Munroe is the only man from Canada that was deemed fit to meet the greatest of modern pugilists—the unbeatable Jeffries. Munroe has to his credit the honor of knocking Jeffries to his knees, when the modest Cape Bretonian was only a green youth from the fertile valley of Boularderie. This is his third year in pugilism, but although meeting the best who cared to face him, he has an unbroken record of triumphs in the roped arena.

MURPHY is the best heavyweight New York can produce, and is a decidedly clever and determined boxer. He's here to win and claim right of championship.

SEE MUNROE WALLOP HIM.

Such ridiculous assertions, which must have had

the punch that does the business, and the men with the records for knockouts are the ones who don't use up their strength in footwork, and the other things that look pretty.

"Jeffries was a plain fighter. So is Fitz. Peter Maher began to slide down the chute as soon as he learned to do the pretty stunts. Jimmy Gardner is a fighter who doesn't throw away his strength in ducking, dodging and feinting but has the steam to bore in and get his man with the punch when the opening shows up. Terry McGovern was safe at the top of the ladder until he learned the pretty passes, how to cover up and get away. When he used to bore in and do plain fighting they couldn't take his number.

"They used to tell me I wasn't clever as a boxer, and I didn't get the windup until I tried to be a fancy fighter, using up my strength footlocking a sprinter instead of relying upon the good old wallop that had been good enough in my business against the best in the world for more than a dozen years. In fighting, the thing to do is to fight, not to pose so as to look handsome in the moving pictures afterwards."

The following letter explains itself:
Dear Sirs—I write to tell you that your article on the Hanlon and Fitzgerald fight, which took place at Los Angeles in September, does Willie Fitz a great injustice. From the amount of money that was wagered on this contest and also making Hanlon the favorite over Fitz, was enough to show us that the fight did not look as it should.

I, as manager of Fitz, wanted to have the referee changed, but as several of the sports of Los Angeles told me that Elton was O. K., I took a chance on him. After the fight I found that the same men that had told me that Elton was a good referee, had all bet their money on Hanlon. Fitz had Eddie beaten all the way, and as Hanlon was bleeding very bad and it did not look as though Hanlon could possibly last the round

GARDNER WILL FIGHT NELSON

Jimmy's Fights With Buddy Ryan and Rufe Turner Recalled.

Battling Nelson will not long be permitted to enjoy the honors accruing from his recent achievement in beating Britt, for Jimmy Gardner, of Lowell, is hot upon his trail now, and the public endorses his claim to being the next logical candidate for the Battler's consideration. Gardner says he will make any reasonable concessions, so eager is he to meet the Dane.

Gardner claims that all he wants is to get Nelson into the ring with him, and he says he will meet him on the same terms on which the Battler met Britt.

The Lowell man is willing to make 133 pounds at 3 o'clock on the day of the fight, and will make a side bet of sufficient size to make it interesting for the Pride of Hegewish. Gardner is also willing to post a forfeit that he will make the stipulated weight.

Gardner's attitude makes a fight between the pair almost assured, and his determination to get a match with Nelson will please followers of the game throughout the country. The sports have been clamoring for a go between the pair, but the weight question always stood in the way. It was generally thought that Gardner could not do better than 135 pounds, but now that he is willing to fight at 133 pounds, he puts it up to Nelson and Nolan to either fight or take to the timbers.

"When Nelson fought Britt he allowed Jimmy to weigh in at 10 o'clock in the morning of the fight," declared Gardner. "The men did not enter the ring until 3 o'clock of the same afternoon, making a five hours' stay between weighing-in time and the gong."

"I am willing to fight on the same terms. That is, weigh in at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and fight at 8 o'clock the same night. I do not see how Nelson can refuse to meet me under these conditions."

A fight between Gardner and Nelson would attract world-wide attention. Gardner is considered Nelson's logical opponent and fight enthusiasts are of the opinion that the Lowell man has better than an even chance to win over Nelson.

Nelson's victory over Britt gave to the Battler much of his present ring prestige. For a few days after the fight many Eastern sporting men and writers thought that the Dane had a clear field in his division. They jumped at the conclusion that with Britt stored away, there was no one in his class that could give to the Dane the proper sort of argument.

A canvas was made of the sporting editors of the various metropolitan dailies as to whom they considered Nelson's logical opponent.

The responses were prompt, and Jimmy Gardner of Lowell was picked by the experts as the man to fight Nelson.

Not only that, but in the majority of cases Gardner was picked to win over the Dane. Strangely enough, some of the best scribes in Chicago were among those to pick the Lowell man. Boston, New York and Philadelphia scribes almost to a man picked Gardner as better than an even chance over Nelson, and judging from the tenor of their remarks, should the pair be matched, Gardner would be a ruling favorite.

Gardner's fights with Rufe Turner and Buddy Ryan gave him a great standing with followers of the game.

They point to Jimmy's artistic work in both fights as evidence of his ability and ask Nelson's cohorts to point to similar work on the part of the Dane.

Jimmy showed undoubted class in his fight with Turner, and repeated the performance against Buddy Ryan.

Up to the time that the Lowell boy took Turner's measure none of the lightweights had expressed any strong desire for dark meat. They did not care to exchange wallop with the hard-hitting coon from Stockton. Not one of them was willing to expose himself to the danger of running afoul of one of Turner's grinding walops. Gardner, however, took Turner on, and what he did to him now forms part of the annals of the game.

His fight against Ryan was even more impressive. Here was a welterweight and one of class whose punching ability is well known. Buddy possessed a wonderful clout, and for a time many sporting men thought that the hard-hitting boy from Lowell had overmatched himself when he signed articles to meet the hard-hitting Ryan from the Chicago stock yards district. Ryan, like the rest, however, fell before the might of Gardner, and this victory added to Gardner's reputation.

Many fight followers think that Gardner could win from Nelson. They argue that a man with a straight punch with the proper steam back of it is the one that can defeat the Dane—Gardner has such a punch, and more, too. He is clever, a master of blocking and one of the best stallers in the ring.

Speaking of the weight question, Gardner said: "I can make 133 pounds at 3 o'clock and be good and strong. If I could not make the weight I would not agree to fight at it. I trust no one thinks I would be foolish enough to go into the ring with a rugged fighter in a weakened condition. At 133 I will be good and strong and able to put up my best fight."

THE FARMER WON.

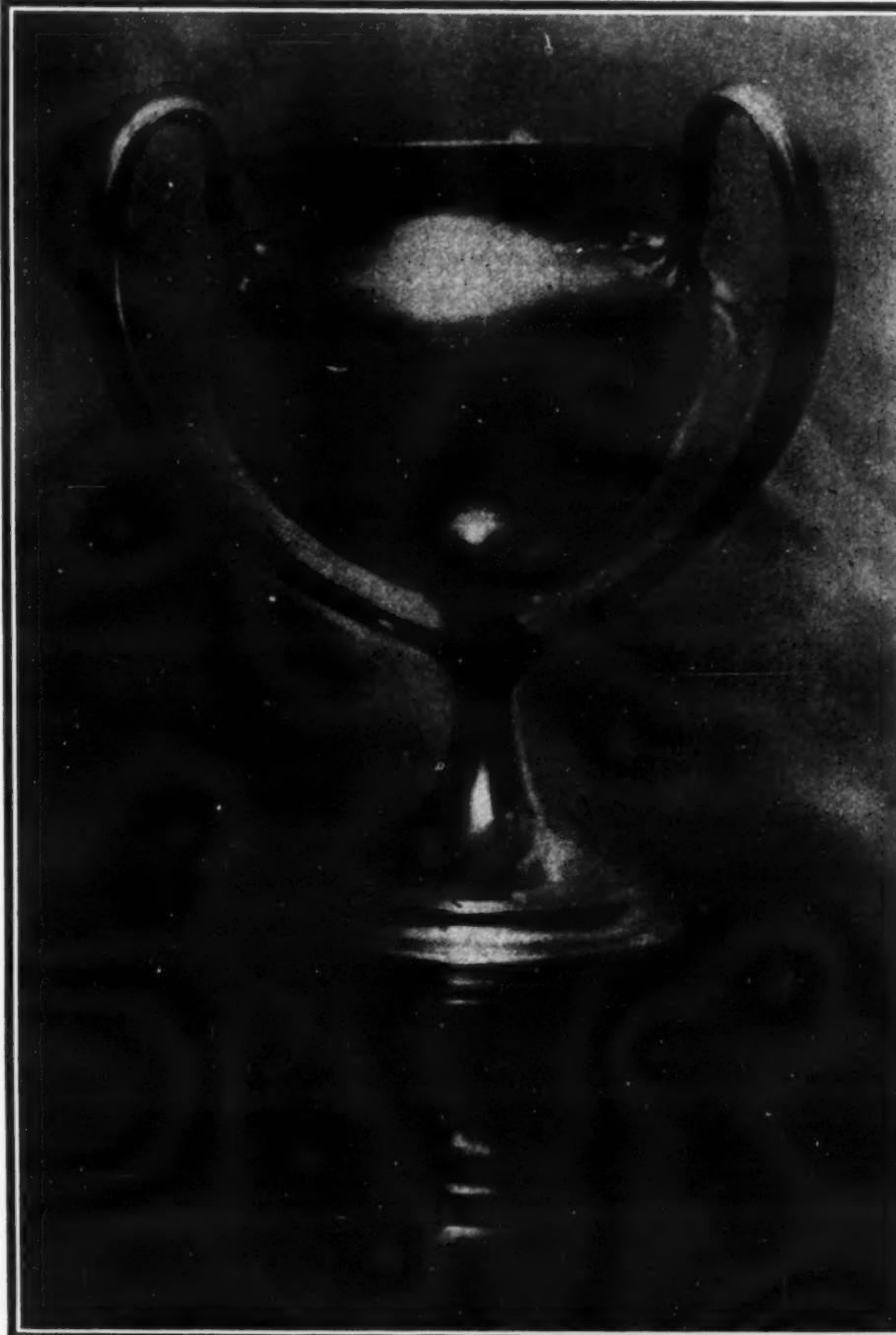
The veteran wrestler, Farmer Burns, showed that he could still take care of himself on the mat when he defeated George Baptiste, of St. Louis, at Des Moines, Iowa, on Oct. 4. Baptiste took the first fall in 26 minutes, 34 seconds. Burns won the next two in 8 minutes and 30 seconds and 11 minutes respectively.

CAMPBELL TOO FAST FOR SMITH.

After having had the advantage for the first three rounds, Kid Smith, of Philadelphia, was unable to follow the pace set for him by Joe Campbell, of Washington, D. C., in a six-round fight at Altoona, Pa., on Sept. 28, and was in bad shape when the gong was sounded.

ENDURANCE CLUB SWINGING

Can be learned by an amateur, if he has the illustrated book on the art by Tom Burrows, who holds the world's record. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



RICHARD K. FOX FOOTBALL CUP.

The Handsome \$250 Solid Silver Trophy put up by the Proprietor of the Police Gazette for the Football Championship of Monmouth County, N. J.

some enterprising individual were to flash on him a "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing his record of fake battles before that memorable night in San Francisco, when Jeffries had him beaten to a pulp in less than two rounds. The only "Canadian deemed worthy to meet the unbeatable Jeffries"—it is to laugh!

And now a word or two about Tom Murphy, "the best heavyweight New York can produce." This individual is no one other than Jabber Carey, a noted "mixed ale" fighter, whose ambition is limited to an opportunity to appear at the little hall shows given in and around New York for a five-dollar note.

The correspondent who sent me the circular, wrote on the margin of it, "the most palpable fake ever perpetrated."

What did you expect?

John L. Sullivan, the "man with the punch," was a fighter not a boxer, and he doesn't believe in the "fancy" art as it is nowadays practiced. In commenting the other day upon Jimmy's Britt defeat, he said:

"It doesn't do for a fighter to be too fancy. Britt used up a lot of steam doing the fancy business with Nelson in front of him and Nelson, who isn't fancy at all, slid in the wallop that counted Jimmy out of it. Unless Nelson's fool friends start in teach him how to be too clever he will do well at his trade. After all, it is

out, the referee stepped in between the men and declared Hanlon the winner. Hanlon was so surprised that he asked the referee how he had won, and he was told on a foul. Hanlon immediately ran over to the corner to Fitzgerald, and said, "Willie, you did not foul me, but he has given me the decision and I would be a fool not to take it." I got into the ring with \$1,000 in my hand and offered it to any doctor that would examine Hanlon and find that he had been fouled. Even Spider Kelly, who is very quick to take action in case of a foul, failed to get out of his seat in the corner until after the referee had given his decision. I posted \$500 with the Frisco Examiner and \$500 with the Frisco Bulletin, and will give this money to Hanlon if he will at any time fight Fitzgerald again, something that he refuses to do. Fitz had Hanlon bleeding all through the fight, while Fitz did not take a long breath or have a sweat up.

I will at any time match Fitz with Hanlon, and I will give him any side bet from \$1,000 to \$5,000. Or I will give him \$500 to sign a set of articles for another fight with Willie. Kindly give this your attention and oblige.

Yours respectfully,

JOHNNY REID, Manager of Willie Fitzgerald.
This explanation puts a different complexion upon the affair, and if my criticism of Hanlon did a good boy an injustice I am anxious and happy to rectify it.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

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Our Sources of Information Are Accurate and Our Decisions Settle Many Wagers for Our Readers.

C. E. C., Baltimore.—Pot must be played over. **J. M. N., Tobias, Neb.**—Hire a mathematician. **Nolan, Champaign, Ill.**—B is right. Send question again.

S. W., Warrensburgh, N. Y.—See answer to C. W. B., El Paso, Tex.

G. P. G.—Don't make too big a quantity at a time. Beef tea must be freshly made.

J. F. K., Eau Claire, Wis.—Better consult a veterinarian. Has some muscular disorder.

S. O'B., Cedar Rapids.—In poker; does the dealer have to tell how many cards he drew?....Yes.

F. A. S., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Was John L. Sullivan knocked out by James J. Corbett?....No.

C. R. R., Chillicothe, Mo.—Who rents costumes for operas and minstrels?....Any good costumer.

M. F. D., Chicago.—Tommy Ryan is the recognized middleweight champion. Fitz cannot do the weight.

H. A. S., Washington, Ind.—Where can I secure plans for the building of a gasoline launch?....Consult a builder.

J. F. M., Cragin, Ill.—A bets B that Nelson gets the decision; in case of a draw A is willing to lose?....A wins the bet?

F. W. G., Fort Bayard, N. M.—Did James J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan fight in the afternoon or evening?....Evening.

W. J. R., Davenport, Ia.—Give me the weight of Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne when they fought?....About 135 pounds.

A. D., Shippegan, N. B.—What is the exact reach of Tommy Burns?....Which Tommy Burns, the jockey or the fighter.

W. H. G., Petaluma, Cal.—He was not. The reason has been published in this paper hundreds of times. Ask some regular reader.

J. W., Elkhart, Ind.—Cribbage; A deals and B goes out by points made; A and C being left to play; whose deal is it?....A deals again.

C. W. B., El Paso, Tex.—Looks like A wants to crawl. He got a good fight and a good decision. You did right to pay the bet to B.

N. V. B., Plymouth, Pa.—Send me the permanent address of Sir Thomas Lipton, in England?....London, England, will reach him.

Alabama.—What was the weight of Joe Gans and Frank Erne when they fought for the lightweight championship?....135 pounds.

S. J. E., Caro, Mich.—A, B, C and D playing old sledge; A is dealing; B begs; A says bunch; B then says he will play them as it is?....He cannot play them after begging.

Sport, Northboro, Mass.—A and B bet on a ball game; Boston and New York were to play a double header Sept. 2; A bet on Boston; B took New York; the bet was for the first game of the double header; now



FLORA ATTELL.

She is the Youngest Sister of Abe Attell, one of the Cleverest Featherweight Boxers, and She is a Beauty of San Francisco.

the first game of the double header was not played on account of rain; the second was played and New York won; B claimed bet; A claims the bet is off?....Question which was the first game, you'll have to decide that.

Winner.—Send six 2c. stamps for Sporting Annual.

J. F. G., Magalia, Cal.—Britt-Nelson at Colma; our bet was made when the articles were first signed, long before any referee was named, and on the following conditions: That money was to stand and not be refunded except in case the fight was stopped by the

police or, in other words, if they fought the money was to stand by the referee's decision. Does the referee's decision in declaring all bets off before the fight affect our wager?....No, decidedly not.

James G.—Can you give me the personal address of Alex Samuelson, the wrestler?....Write him in care of E. H. McBride, sporting editor, *The Enquirer*, Buffalo, N. Y.

G. J. M., Zanesville, O.—A says he saw a rope three feet in dimensions, used for raising ships?....Never heard of it. If one was required a chain hawser would be used.

W. D., Davenport, Ia.—Was Farmer Burns ever champion heavyweight wrestler of the world?....Wrestling titles don't carry much weight with us. Maybe he was!

S. E. B., Bellingham, Wash.—What is the value of five aces in a game of razzle-dazzle dice?....Top value if you play with aces high, otherwise any other five beats them.

A. K., Chicago, Ill.—We were playing a game of sixty-aux, four handed over-bidding; A bid 100 and B made sixty-six before A got a trick; how many points does B make?....Two.

G. R. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Britt-Nelson fight; do bets stand or not?....They certainly stand and should be settled. It was a fair fight and a square decision; what more do you expect.

E. H. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A bets B that Nelson would receive the decision over Britt; B says A does not win because Graney declared bets off?....B loses his bet, and should pay it.

W. J. R., Washington, D. C.—A and B are playing a game of pitch; 11 points; A has 8 points; B has 10 points; A bids 3 and makes high, Jack, game; B makes low; who wins?....B wins.

W. D., Chicago.—What will win the American or National League pennant, the number of games won or the percentage?....Percentage based upon the number of games played and won.

A. Reece, Paris.—Let me know whether Frank Erne still teaches boxing, and if so, where his Gym is situated?....Yes, at Billy Elmer's Gymnasium, 105 West Forty-second street, New York City.

H. V. W., Berkeley, Cal.—What are the different weights that Fitzsimmons fought at? What would a fighter of 170 pounds be classed as?....1. His records are as a middle, light heavy and heavyweight. 2. Heavy.

H., Chicago, Ill.—On the evening of Sept. 25, 1905, the Philadelphia team had 85 games won and 51 lost, the White Stockings had 84 games won and 54 lost; A claimed there is a difference of 2 games at that standing between these two teams, and H claimed there is more than three games difference?....Philadelphia has played 136; White Stockings, 138; difference 2 games.

E. J. L., Bridgeport, Conn.—A, B, C, D and E are playing a game of draw poker, Jacks up or better; A deals; B, C, D and E pass; A opens; B, C, D and E stay and draw cards; A holds pot and bets; B calls; A shows his hand, saying straight, but has two nine spots in his hand; B claims he won the pot; C says the pot must be played over; who is right?....Must be played over.

Wednesday A. C., High Bridge, N. Y.—Can a captain of a baseball nine in the ninth or any other inning call a man from the bench to take the place of the man at the bat when there has already been two strikes called on that man? It was done in the ninth inning in a game in Pittsburgh, June 23, 1899, between Boston and Pittsburgh. Was it legal, and can it be done to-day?....It can.

J. N., Chicago.—A, B, C and D are playing a game of pitch; 11 points is the game; A has 4 points; B has 10 points; C has 9 points; D has 7 points; A buys it for a bid of 3; B having 10 plays low card on first trick; C having 9 points plays queen on first trick, leads back ace; the jack and game falling on this trick; who goes out?....B wins.

S. S., Norfolk, Va.—Poker, all Jack pots; the pot is opened and all hands draw cards; the opener checks; the man next to him also checks; the third man passes, but still holds his hand; the following two men check (the game is five handed); does the man who passes

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lose all interest in the pot, or has he a right to call for a show down? I mean by the term "checks" that no money is put up on the table, and that the bet is nominal?....As no money was put up, everybody is entitled to a show down.

V. C. A. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.—A bets Fitzsimmons weighed below 160 pounds when he fought Corbett at Carson City?....He claims he only weighed 157½ pounds. No official weights were taken at the ringside.

R. M. B., Elkhart, Ind.—Shaking Chicago dice; can you leave an ace the first throw and pick up the other four dice and call the ace what you wish the second or third throw, or must you call it the first throw?....First throw.

W. H. P., Hartford, Conn.—Set back; two players; game 10 points; A is dealer and has 3 to go; B bids 2 and has 1 to go; A won't sell and has to make 3; A pitches trumps and makes low, Jack game; B has high and claims game?....B wins.

Duke's Cafe, Springfield, Mass.—A bets that in the contest between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, Heenan's arm was broken; B bets that Sayers' arm was broken; who wins?....It was Sayers' right arm that was injured in the sixth round.

W. W., Mullen, Neb.—Draw poker; Jack pot; No. 1 was dealing; No. 2 declared the pot open, being all in; No. 3 passed, also No. 4 and No. 5, that being the number playing; the dispute now is, had Nos. 3, 4 and 5 a right to draw cards?....They had that right.

C. H. N., Vermillion, O.—A bets with B that a certain ball team will make more hits than the other team in a game which two teams play. They both make the same number of hits. Does A lose or is the bet declared off?....Technically A loses his bet on the word "more."

A. O. V., Chariton, Ia.—Cribbage; A plays an ace; B four spot; A plays a three spot; B deuce; B claims a run of four; A says he is only entitled to a run of three; who is right?....If A played an ace and B a three spot; A a four spot and B a deuce, would it be a run of four?....It is a run of four either way.

W. C., Hartford, Conn.—A bet that Britt would win his fight with Nelson; B bet that Nelson would win; before the fight started the referee called all bets off?....What right has a referee to call off bets on a fair fight, or what right has he with another bet outside of his own; who wins?....1. B wins. 2. None.

J. L. H.,—Did Jake Kilrain have John L. Sullivan vomiting and give him time to recuperate in their fight at Richburg, Miss.?....Was Young Griffie conceded to be the greatest scientific boxer in the world?....1. Yes, but only such time as the rules allowed. 2. He probably divided the honors with Jim Corbett.

S. C., New York.—I bet a week before the fight (on Britt) the bet to stand on referee's decision, now since Graney was made referee and decided all bets off, I decided not to pay, as others whom I know have also done, but the man with whom I bet is not satisfied?....The man you bet with is right in not being satisfied. Referee had nothing to do with your bet.

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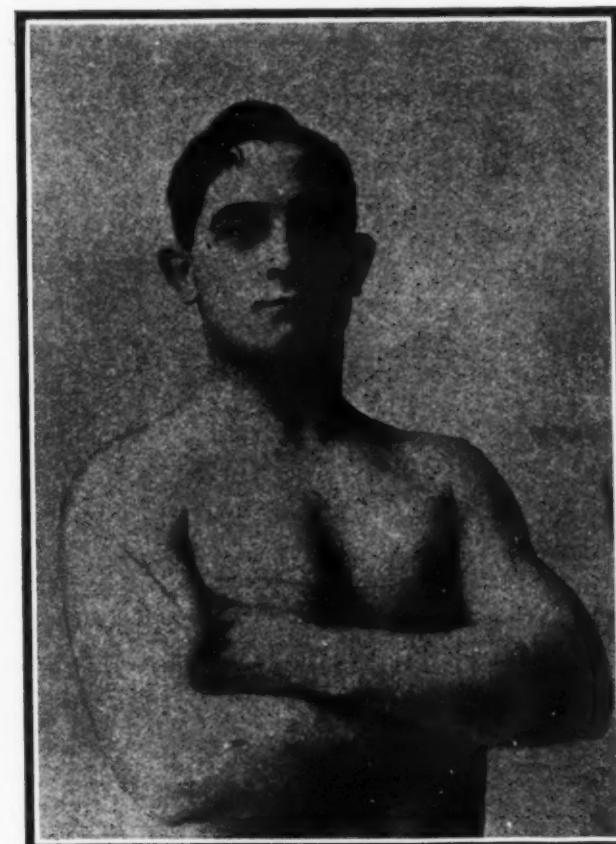
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Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Ben Ferguson is one of the best-known mixologists on the Pacific Coast, and caters to the patrons of Oliver's Cafe at 20 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal., which place is frequented by some of the prominent citizens in that city. Mr. Ferguson is the inventor of many beverages that are popular on the Coast, and during the past fifteen years has worked in the leading cafes in Portland, Seattle and 'Frisco.

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Have you any ambition? Think of a new drink. Enough has been said about the medals in previous issues.

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THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

And a simple little recipe for a new drink will win them for you.

Five minutes effort.

Could anything be easier.

Besides, even if it should happen that you did not win, your recipe would be published with your name and address.

JAVA FIZZ.

(By Rudy N. Kohlman, Chillicothe, Mo.)
Mixing glass two-thirds full of ice; four dashes Vermouth; one Jigger of Rye whiskey; one egg; three mixing spoons sugar; four dashes lemon juice; two Jiggers fine coffee. Shake well and strain in fizz glass with seltzer.

THE KING.

(By Moe Wolf, New York City.)
Use mixing glass; one spoon powdered sugar; glass of Sherry wine. Fill the glass with fresh milk; take a shaker half full of ice and shake well; then strain back into the mixing glass; pour a little claret wine in the form of a circle on top; twist rind of a lemon over all and serve.

DREAMLAND PUNCH.

(By B. Reardon, New York City.)
Use large bar glass; two lumps of sugar; pony green tea; pony brandy; pony Jamaica rum; a dash of Chartreuse; lump of ice. Stir well, remove ice, strain in champagne goblets, fill goblets with champagne, place a slice of lemon and a slice of orange down the sides and serve. A pint of wine will make four drinks.

COTE AND CONNELLY DRAW.

Bart Connelly, of Portland, and Arthur Cote, of Biddeford, went fifteen fast rounds to a draw before the Augusta A. A., on Oct. 6, at Augusta, Me. Two fast preliminaries were fought, each going four rounds. Young King, of Lewiston, and Percy Hill, of Gardiner, and Fitzpatrick, of Augusta, and Billy Fritz, of Boston, were the principals.

LANGFORD AND BLACKBURN FAKE

George Cole's illness prevented him from facing Sam Langford, at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Oct. 6, and Jack Blackburn was substituted.

The men started off fine, but after a few seconds they began to pull and soon it was evident to all that Langford was fixed not to harm Blackburn.

Referee McGuigan disagreed with the actions of Langford and Blackburn, left them in the ring and jumped through the ropes. He called the timekeeper away and let the two go floundering around until they discovered they were alone, when they made their escape amid a fusilage of bottles and the hisses of the crowd.

Tommy O'Toole, bantam champion of the East, out-

fought Tommy Langdon, of Port Richmond. Despite comment the weights were about even up, but Langdon, while he lacked the experience of the champion he had a long reach and proved exceptionally clever in the mix-ups. O'Toole forced every inch of the eighteen minute mix-up, and in the fourth round he crossed a short right-hand hook which dropped Langdon for the count of four. This is the switch which made O'Toole a title possessor and it nearly sank the hopes of the Langdon lad.

SAILOR BURKE'S PUNCH.

Sailor Burke, of the U. S. S. Florida, knocked out Eddie Haney, of Southwark, at the end of the second round in the windup at the Kensington A. C., at Philadelphia, on Oct. 6. Burke never gave Haney a chance to use his cleverness, but kept boring in incessantly. They agreed on clean-break rules, but Burke forgot himself a couple of times and aimed blows at Haney that, had they landed, would have put the latter to sleep.

Aggressiveness, coupled with good punching ability, entitled Kid Crosta to the verdict over Young Loughrey in the wind-up at the Frankford A. C. Crosta forced matters in every round, but Loughrey showed such a willingness to mix it up that the six rounds were brimful of action.

QUAKER CITY BOUTS.

There was boxing galore at the regular weekly entertainment of the Manayunk A. C., at Philadelphia, on Oct. 7.

Battling Stinger and Young Tommy Coleman were the first to go on. This was a peach of a scrap and although Coleman was the heavier of the two, he found Bat a hot proposition. Stinger used a right swing to good advantage while Coleman kept up an incessant Jabbing. A draw would not hurt either boy.

In the second number, Terry Fox, of Fairmount, faced Maxey Kain, of Manayunk. At the first tap of the gong Terry shot his left in Kain's face and the right to the jaw. Fox showed up clever in the first three sessions, but in the last three he seemed to tire and Kain took the lead. But Terry's cleverness could not be offset and both were entitled to a draw.

The semi-windup had as the principals, Charley Cannon, of Manayunk, and Jimmy Simister, of Fairmount. This certainly was hot stuff while it lasted. Cannon was the first to lead, driving right and left Jabs to chin and wind. Simister was always there, however, and used a right uppercut that worried Cannon some. In the third round Cannon accidentally fouled Simister and a physician who examined Jimmy ordered the bout stopped.

The windup was between Young Joe Grim and Billy Willis. In the first round Willis sent a couple of stiff rights and lefts into Joe's face, but that chap always came back smiling and looking for more. For the next three rounds they mixed matters up much to the delight of the crowd. Willis had a long left that frequently made connections with Young Joe's face. In the fourth and fifth rounds the smashes came a little to fast for the son of Italy and he held on repeatedly to escape punishment. In the last round Joe seemed to get a little more life in him and the two went at each other for keeps. At the end Willis had the better of the argument.

HOLDS THE MEDLEY RECORD.

L. de B. Handley, the captain of the N. Y. A. C. swimming team, holds the world's record for the medley race. The medley race consists of a quarter-mile walk, quarter-mile run, quarter-mile bicycle, quarter-mile horseback, quarter-mile row and quarter-mile swim. Handley's time was 15 minutes 42 seconds.

SOME GOOD BOWLING.

L. E. Hanlon, a youth of nineteen years, made the following score at the Cohen & Henrich bowling alley, recently, at Oelwein, Iowa:

First frame, 201; second, 202; third, 204; fourth, 208; fifth, 210; sixth, 228; seventh, 221.

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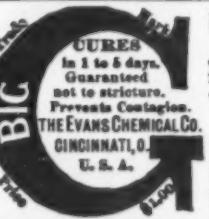
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YOUNG ERNE'S GREAT FIGHT.

In a six-round bout at Philadelphia with Young Erne, on Oct. 4, Abe Attell had the trial of his career. In Erne, the crack California featherweight met a pugilist his equal in cleverness, and although the mill lasted the limit and both were on their feet at the end Attell did not have any the better of the scrap. The articles of agreement called for a match at 130 pounds, weigh in at 6 o'clock on the night of the scrap. Both were well below this weight. The go was one of the fastest and most interesting witnessed in Philadelphia in some time. Each gave a great exhibition of the fine points of the game. Erne surprised the crowd by his work. His friends thought that Attell would put it all over him, so to speak. On the contrary, Erne jabbed and hooked his man with unerring precision.

In the fourth, though, Attell woke up and became very quick. In this round he cornered Erne. The latter slipped to the floor, and Attell was about to hit him, when Erne jumped up and landed a hot one on Attell's face. Attell got home a stinging left in this round and Erne cleverly checked him when he was about to follow up his advantage. The remaining rounds were full of ginger. They mixed it up, exchanging blows to the face and body. Attell fought Erne to the ropes, but the latter's defense was too good and no harm resulted.

Invaluable to everyone interested in Athletics—The Official Book of Rules for All Sports. Revised and up-to-date. Mailed on receipt of seven 2-cent stamps.

FAVORED BALTIMORE BOY.

Joe Tipman received a decision over Kid Stein which many of the spectators did not like, at the Eureka A. C., Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 6.

Tipman's followers were numerous in the large audience, but there were others who thought Stein should at least have been given a draw. The early rounds were evenly fought. Tipman jabbed his left to Stein's face and Stein tried many useless right swings, but got in some hard body punches. In the third Stein drew blood from Tip's nose, and then cut his left eye open in the fifth round. Tipman drew blood from Stein's nose in the thirteenth.

Tipman outpointed Stein, but the latter's blows were more damaging, and in the twelfth Tipman resorted to wrestling. Many times in the following rounds both men went to the floor clinched. Tipman was the chief offender. Both were weak at the finish.

GOOD BOUTS IN WILMINGTON.

Some good bouts were witnessed at the Wilmington (Del.) A. C., on Oct. 4. Jack Blackburn, beat Harry Center in a six-round go; Eddie Burke, knocked out Jimmy Livingston in five rounds and the bout between Kid Peerless and Jack Flaherty was stopped in the third round to prevent a knockout.

APOLLO THREW MAUPAS.

Apollo, the Irish giant, proved too much for Emil Maupas at Montreal, Can., on Sept. 29, and the newcomer signaled the opening of the wrestling season at Sohmer Park by putting the Frenchman down to the mat twice.

The first fall was quick, Maupas feeling the canvas in forty-five seconds. After that matters were more interesting, the Montreal favorite staying off the stranger for fourteen minutes before he caved in.

The newcomer was there with the goods, and while there may be some doubt as to his wrestling science, there can be none about his strength and size, as Maupas found to his cost. Apollo is a hummer in build and he made Maupas look like a small man. This Irishman weighs 265 pounds, stands well over six feet, and is well proportioned. He has legs like trees and a fine chest, carrying but little superfluous flesh on his

stomach. As an instance of his size it may be mentioned that his collar is 19½.

The first appearance of Apollo was greeted with cheers from the 3,500 spectators who were in the building, and the big fellow appeared to be somewhat of a favorite. He certainly slammed the 186-pound Maupas around like a toy and in the first fall the Frenchman didn't have a chance. Twice during the second bout Apollo picked up his opponent and carried him to the centre of the mat before pitching him down. He showed ability to bridge and got away with a couple of rolls that were hair raisers.

WILLIAMS AND BLACKBURN.

Jack Williams made a fifty per cent better showing against Jack Blackburn on Oct. 5, than he did at the previous meeting against the same boxer at the Broadway A. C. In their other meeting Blackburn scored a complete knockout in the sixth round, but this time the best he could do was to break even.

The best bout among the preliminaries was between Jimmy Simister and Abe Herman, of New York. Both fought in terrific style. Neither had any advantage. The bout was one of the fastest ever decided in the Broadway A. C. ring.

Kid French and the Water Boy boxed a draw. The Billy Hughes-Bon Wright go was stopped in the second round to save Hughes.

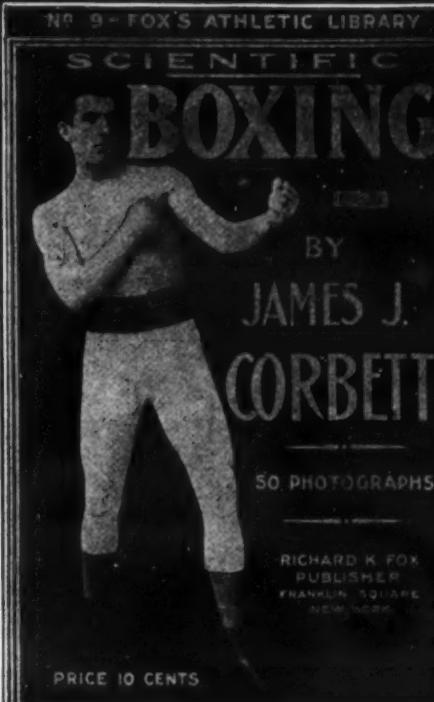
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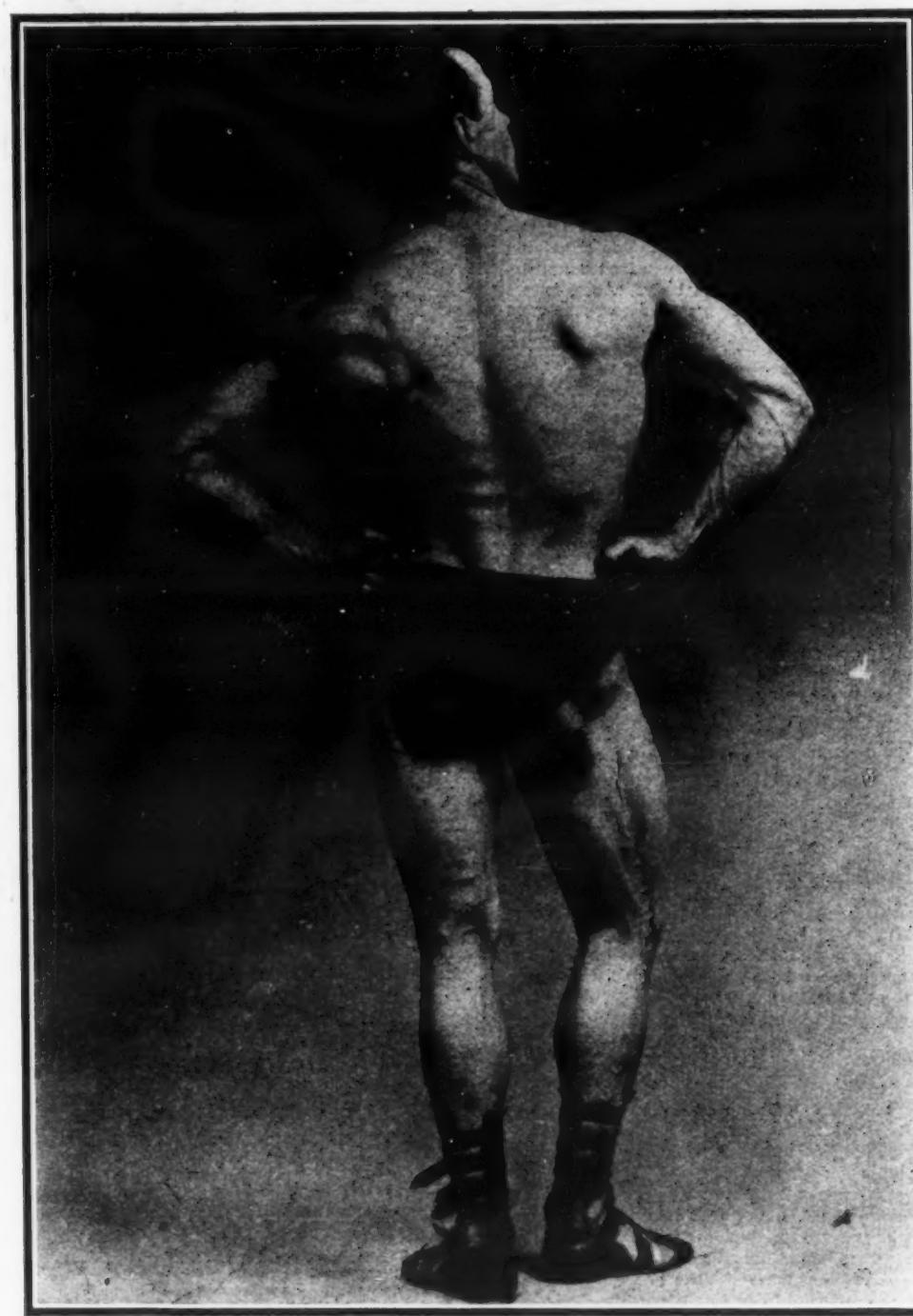
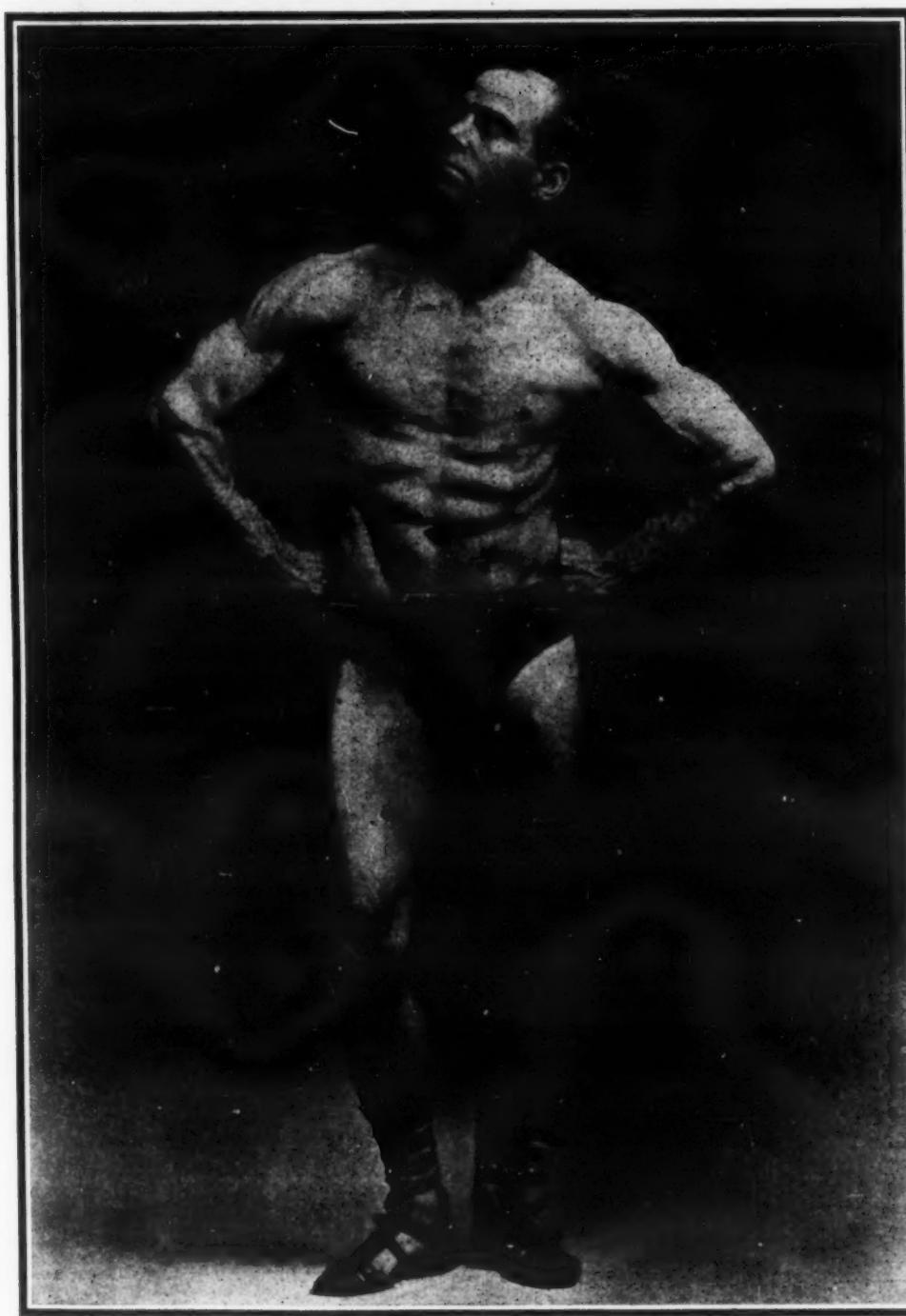
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1905

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